THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

During the past year the German Emperor has decorated 2473 people. The undecorated German, like the dodo, will soon be extinct.

"So little done! So much to do!" Pathetic words from Cecil Rhodes on his deathbed. But, after all, is not that the summing up of almost all lives?

Every now and then a small fortune is bequeathed to establish a home for stray cats or dogs. But the ragged and self-reliant curbstone American urchin is too busy with his own plans for future fortune to allow himself to become jealous.

Wendell Phillips prophesied Marconi. On July 28, 1865, speaking in Music Hall to school children, he said: "I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire both ways at the same time." Marconi's performances do not quite realize that prediction, but they approach it—and the forty years will not have passed until July 28, 1905.

James, one of the notorious Younger brothers, has been denied a marriage license on the ground that he is legally dead, having been sentenced for life and not pardoned. Now if James Younger were to marry without a license it is not clear that he would commit any offense against the laws, as a man "legally dead" must have passed outside the pale of the law. His case has certainly raised a very nice quibble for some ingenious lawyer to work up a reputation on it.

Before the New York Library Club, Andrew Carnegie, the other day, made some interesting remarks pertinent to the nature of the libraries he is giving to different cities in this country. "If a man is leaving his fortune for libraries," he said, "it might be well to fix it so that works of fiction less than three years old should not be included. Imagine the slaughter that would take place in three years! Yet, what of a book that does not last three years? It might well cry out: 'If so soon I'm to be done for, I wonder what I was begun for.' The longer I live, the more I agree with Swift, that the finest furniture of a room is books.'

The Philadelphia Inquirer, commenting upon the death of Cecil Rhodes, says: The "uncrowned king of Africa" is dead; his trials, triumphs, victories o'er. A life singular in its accomplishments in many ways and notably destitute in others has ended. Whatever South Africa is to-day, it is largely the work of Rhodes. But for him the native would rule in Bechuanaland and Rhodesia; the Transvaal would be almost unknown. For good or evil he had for almost thirty years directed the destinies of South Africa, and his latest scheme of a railroad from the Cape to Cairo was in process of fulfilment at the time when the scythe of Time cut him down.

In ratifying the convention of The Hague peace conference relating to the conduct of war on land and sea the United States Senate has done what was fully expected of it. To lovers of peace and to those who believe in strife of a more mental character in the settlement of differences, these Hague rules of warfare are most encouraging. They are a step, and a distinct and important one, in the direction of that hoped-for time when men will no longer go to war, when intelligence and humanity will govern —when the nations will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; when the weak shall say they are strong, and the people of earth shall know war no more, reflects the Chicago Evening Post.

It is an old saying that it is hard to give away money so as to be sure of not doing mischief. This is true on the large scale and on the small. To give away after personal investigation such as a prudent man would use if the question were of gaining and not of spending, is an art by itself, and, when the giving is on a large scale, a difficult art. Mr. Carnegie may be called an expert in munificence. And it may be observed, in him and in those who approach him in the extent of their benefactions, how careful they are, by exacting other contributions for those institutions to which they contribute, to establish the existence of a real demand for their gifts, and hence the probability of the public usefulness of them, observes The New York Times.

THE BIRTH OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

Would you ride on a steed which the uttermost speed shall not tire?
Not in the emperor's stable, O friend, shall you find him.
Come down to the giants who labor with water and fire,
The swarthy mechanics whose strength and whose skill have designed him.

There lie the waste and the rust of the loose scattered iron,
But here by the forges and here where the hammers are falling,
Resonant, steady, are men whom your faith may rely on
To work us the miracle born of their wonderful calling.

For the soldier is bred to destroy, to rejoice in the killed,
To tear at the life and the heart of a suffering nation;
But here are the men who have taken as watch word, "I build."
They are one with the gods, for their work is the work of creation.

Sullenly echo the forges, and higher and higher
Rise the white flames under brass in the crucible flowing,
Now the iron takes shape and follows the worker's desire,
Swiftly and surely the eager conception is growing.

Quietly out in the sun the smooth switches are lying—
When lo, from the hands of the toilers, half-breathing, half-sobbing,
Strong with a strength never wearied, a good will undying,
The Iron Horse comes, with his new power beating and throbbing!

Take him! Through him shall a message of ultimate healing
Establish the peoples as one, and shall heal all the rotten
Corruption of years, one land to another revealing.
Take him—a son of the Law, out of Chaos begotten!

—Youth's Companion.

Guthrey Guy Clarke-Benson.

"WE hear a great deal about the Russian detective and how he will follow a mystery to the end of the earth," said a gentleman the other day in the smoking department of a drawing-room car on an Eastern railroad. "It's my opinion that our detectives right here in America are about as wideawake as any in the world."

"D'you think so?" said a red whiskered man seated by the window, in a tone indicating that he was of a different opinion.

"I am sure of it," said the other. "I am aware that Scotland Yard is held up as a model for detective work, but Scotland Yard could learn any day from some of our first-class detective agencies."

"What d'you know about it any way?" asked the red whiskered man.

"Well, our firm was robbed several years ago of some securities—we're stockbrokers—and I was the member of the firm who took the matter in charge. I found a detective who traced the thief in no time and recovered all the property. He was smart as chain lightning. He told me of many intricate cases he had followed, showing me just how he had worked them up. He said they were blind as bats at Scotland Yard."

The man by the window gave a snort.

"Many Englishmen are of the same opinion," the speaker persisted. "Scotland Yard was once a home for remarkable detective work. It is now very much run down."

"I know better," said the red whiskered man, goaded by this disparagement. "Scotland Yard is the best in the world."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen the way they work."

"Perhaps you can cite a case?"

The man turned and looked out of the window, but he was evidently a loyal Briton and could not bear to hear any British institution attacked.

"I'll do it," he said, turning from the scene without. "One of my intimate friends, Lord Blandery, gave a party at his country seat, and I was among the guests. The morning we were all to leave, the family jewels were missing. There were fifty guests about to depart, and one of them might be the thief. Lord Blandery didn't like to propose a search, but I have a fancy for detective work and made up my mind to spot the thief. Lord Blandery acceded to my request to permit no one to leave the house until I gave the word, then told me all about the missing property, showing me a few things that were left.

"'Here,' he said among other things, 'is a mosaic sleeve button. The other has been stolen. I bought them in Rome several years ago.'

"'There is a clew,' I said, 'in case we fail to find the thief here. I'll take it to a man I know in Scotland Yard, and I'll lay you a hundred pounds he'll return your jewelry. He'll find its mate and by that means the thief.'

"Well, every guest was searched, I leading the way. We took our leave, and I left the sleeve button at Scotland Yard.

"Soon after Lord Blandery's valet found another place and left his lordship's services. One month later he was found dancing at a servant's ball, wearing a mosaic scarfpin. A detective from Scotland Yard who had kept an eye on him ever since he had left Lord Blandery walked up to him and placed the missing sleeve button beside the pin. They were identical. The valet, not being able to make use of a single sleeve button, had had it turned into a scarfpin. Lord Blandery recovered a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewelry and paid me the wager, and I secured the scarfpin from Scotland Yard as a memento."

"I don't believe that yarn," said the champion of the American detective.

"I'll show you the pin. I have it right here in my pocket."

And, drawing out a small jewel box, he opened it and produced a mosaic pin of a very peculiar pattern.

"Tom Rourke," said the doubter, "you are the biggest liar in the world, as well as the biggest thief. You have fallen a victim to your insane desire to overtop everybody else. For trying to down me you'll get twenty years of penal servitude when I get you back to London. I've been following you for six months. Here is the mate to your transformed sleeve button."

He pulled up his coat sleeve, and there in one of his cuffs was a mosaic button, the counterpart of the pin.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the friend of Lord Blandery, paling.

"I'm Peter Yorke, of Pinkerton's. Scotland Yard got this sleeve button from Lord Marivale, not Lord Blandery, as you have named him. There was no valet in the case, but one of Lord Marivale's guests was Guthrey Guy Clarke-Benson, who had brought forged letters of introduction from Melbourne. Soon after the robbery he disappeared, and the forgery was discovered. It was believed that he had sailed for America. The remaining button was sent to our New York office, and I was put on the case. I knew you for Tom Rourke who had done ten years for burglary, but I was not sure that you had sailed among the bloods of England under the aristocratic name of Guthrey Guy Clarke-Benson."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs. The man at the window moved his hand, when the detective whipped out a revolver. Then Tom Rourke, who had done ten years for burglary received the bracelets resignedly.—Waverley Magazine.

TIRING OF FACTORY LIFE.

Girls of the Tenement Eager For Domestic Service.

To encourage factory girls to enter domestic employment a band of young society women, graduates of an uptown private school, have furnished a suite of rooms for model training, and employed an instructor in the art of housework. The enterprise is the most recent addition to the work of the Brearley League Industrial Evening School, which has been conducted for several years in the Fogg Memorial School of the Children's Aid Society, No. 552 West Fifty-third street, with the support of the organization whose name it bears.

Two rooms, a bed room and dining room, have been fitted for the purpose, and two evenings a week the fifteen young girls of the domestic training class, who are from fourteen to sixteen years of age, make a sortie on the place with pails and brushes, brooms, dustpans and cloths, and remove every vestige of dirt that has accumulated since the last lesson. Indeed, scrubbing goes on with as much zest and vigor as if it were the semi-annual housecleaning fray in family apartments. The pretty white iron bedstead, with its spick and span counterpane and shams, is stripped and aired; the crisp white muslin curtains are carefully pinned up safe from the dangers of water and dust, the rugs are swept until a looker-on trembles for them, and they are at last rolled up and put away to allow the floor its share of the cleaning. It is, indeed, the floor and the paint that suffer the most, for every girl in the class loves to scrub, and into that work puts all her superabundant energy.

When the windows and mirrors are cleaned, the last bit of dusting done, the bed remade in the primmest of styles and the nickel polished, the table is set, without a vestige of food, to be sure, but in a fashion most satisfactory to those who arrange it. Then comes one of the girls as waitress, and all sorts of points of etiquette suited not only to the maid but the dinner, are discussed. By the time the table is cleared and the dishes put away the hour for closing has come. The girls of the class are mainly of Irish parentage, and work in carpet or hammock factories or flax mills, receiving from $2 to $2.50 a week.—New York Tribune.

Fantastic Bottles.

Glass in fabric is so beautiful that even grotesque designs cannot entirely rob it of charm; hence the "fantasies in glass" come fitly into collections. Among foreign bottle-curios are found Buddha bottles, dragons, seahorses, ships, gondolas, fountains, violins, whales, and lion bottles; bottles with horizontal stories or perpendicular divisions; and glass jugs with horns or whistles in the handles. American curio-bottles show a wide but more practical range, expressing national jocosity in such shapes as cigars, pistols, monuments, eggs, boxing-gloves, bird-cages, canteens, lanterns, scallop-shells, shoes, slippers, roller-skates, barrels, castles, snails, birch-bark logs, cones, pyramids, figures of Uncle Sam, Santa Claus, and the like.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Haberdashery Lore.

Here is a bit of haberdashery lore and usage that should be welcomed by processionists and purists. The generic word for what is inexactly termed "neckwear" is "cravat." This word comes from a Croatin regiment who first introduced the article, which, in its various modifications, is now known under a variety of names. Cravats are "tieable," or "made up." A tieable cravat done into the ordinary sailor's knot is, technically speaking, a "knot;" when it is made up it is a "teck." A tieable cravat that is arranged in the form of a bowknot is a "tie," but when it is made up it is a "bow." A tieable cravat tied by oneself is an "Ascot," but if it is made up in this form it is a "flat." There are other forms, of course, but they explain themselves.—New York News.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.

The Difficulties in the Way of Securing a Universal Stamp.

"I observe that there has been considerable comment in the press with reference to the issuing of a 'universal' postage stamp, which may be used in all countries, some persons appearing to be under the impression that the issuing of such a stamp might be effected without much difficulty," remarked a Washington author, "but in this they are in error, as also they would appear to be with past efforts in this direction on the part of the United States Government through its official representatives in the different international postal conferences heretofore held.

"The designation 'universal' postage stamp is also incorrect, as such a stamp would be known as an 'international' postage stamp. The proposition to issue this international postage stamp has been brought before several international postal congresses; that is, the periodical meeting of delegates from the different countries which constitute the universal postal union, the last of which, it is my impression, was held in Washington a few years ago.

"In 1891, at the postal congress held in Vienna, the delegates from the United States introduced a proposition to have such a stamp issued by the respective countries, but it was voted down. It was argued by our delegates that the time had come for the issuing of such a stamp, they pointing out the inconvenience to travelers and correspondents in securing stamps of other countries for return replies, and other purposes, and, while foreign letters may be mailed without a prepayment of postage, their recipients are placed under a practical penalty of being obliged to pay double postage to be collected upon receipt. Other disadvantages of the present methods, as the unused stamps of the different countries are difficult to obtain, were shown, as were the many advantages which would accrue to the corresponding public if an international stamp were obtainable.

"These arguments were without avail, however, and one of the main reasons is that the international stamps might be bought in a country where the fixed standard of money value was less than in another country, and they could bep urchased in the first instance at a less actual gold value, and sold in another, where the standard was higher, at a speculative profit. The postal revenues of the first country would be enhanced at the expense of the postal revenues of the second country. This is a point, which is here gone into very briefly, which would not occur to the public, as the question of revenue would be overlooked by the paramount one of convenience, from the public's standpoint. These stamps would also be used as currency.

"Such a stamp would be of decided convenience to authors, business men, travelers, etc. In sending manuscript abroad, to London, say, it is necessary to buy British postage stamps at a slight premium, and the same is true in all instances where the sender wishes a reply. I have never seen it officially announced that the present administration is in favor of or against such a stamp. Postage stamps are used too much now as currency in the absence of a more convenient medium of transmission of small amounts through the mail, where it is not desired to obtain a money order, or to register a letter. To a more or less extent the Government loses on the transaction in two ways not generally understood, first, the postmaster's salary, and allowances at Presidential offices, and it is in the large offices where the great bulk of postage stamps are sold, are largely regulated by these sales, and where persons buy their stamps in quantities at a large post-office and then deposit their letters for mailing in a fourth-class office, where the postmaster's salary is regulated by his cancellations, the Government pays two individuals for what should be practically one service or transaction.

"However, the international postage stamp may yet come. The 'return' international postal card now in use is the first step. It is proposed to have a 'return envelope.' When this last proposition carries in an international postal congress, there may be some hope of an international postage stamp, but until then the public may rest content that such a stamp is a long way from realization."—Washington Star.

A Toast to the Bachelor.

A toast is offered to the bachelor. Not to every bachelor, of course. Not all are toastworthy. There are plenty who ought to have married, but were too timid, distrustful, lazy, self-indulgent or incompetent. There are those who were dazzled in their youth by the spangles and gewgaws of life, and stretched out for them hands too eager to detect the worthlessness of what they got. There are those who were unfit to marry. Toast them in moderation, because they didn't, provided they will give bonds to continue single. There are those who broke hearts, partly from faithlessness, partly from over-much calculation, partly from mere lack of grit. No, we may not toast all bachelors. So much the more toast those whom we may! Maintainers of the unmaintained, bearers of burdens dropped by other men, providers for, succorers of the distressed, defenders of the fatherless, bulwarks of the widow!—Harper's Weekly.

In More Ways Than One.

King Oscar of Sweden, the most gifted, perhaps, of royal musicians, has a magnificent musical library at his Stockholm palace, in which he takes especial pride, as it is mainly of his own collecting.

In the South.

The task of arousing interest in good roads work is going on apace in the South. The Illinois Central made an effective campaign some months ago, and now the Southern is pushing on the work. It is costing the railroads a great deal of money, but the expense is enlightened selfishness, for it will increase their business many fold to secure good roads for the bringing of freight to their stations. John Stuart Mill, over half a century ago, observed in his "Political Economy" that good roads had the same effect upon agricultural communities as an addition to the fertility of the lands they cultivated, since the reduced cost of transportation might be of equal value to the larger production.

The lesson of good roads is a much needed one in the South. Southern people, with their open, generous natures, are prone to waste and extravagance, and no form of waste has cost them more than bad roads. A system of good turnpikes or even of the modern well drained and well kept dirt road, constructed according to scientific engineering principles, would be worth more than an extra barrel of corn or a fraction of a bale of cotton to the acre. With easy and cheap transportation, every pound of marketable value would be gathered and sold and not left to rot in the fields, as is too often the case now. Besides this country life would be made more attractive and the value of real estate would advance.

The railroads are doing a great work both for themselves and the country through which they send these good road trains. If they got no other return than the advertising it gives them they would be well paid, but when in addition they take steps that will insure the building up of their traffic year by year, their rewards become large enough to justify heavy outlays. —Courier-Journal.

A Suggestion.

I am nearly seventy-nine years old, have been a practising physician and surgeon nearly fifty-eight years, and have traveled professionally in my practice more than the average man in Kentucky, writes Dr. James D. Foster, of London, Ky., in the New York Tribune. In order to promote the construction of good roads in our country I will make a suggestion, which, in my opinion, would achieve the desired end. I don't know what the cost of such a road would be, but I believe the roads thus constructed would wear out two generations of people.

Take pine or oak blocks, 4x6x8 inches, square them, and set them on a good solid roadbed, after preparing them thus: Have a large steam generator and steam the blocks for two hours; then boil them in strong salt water for two hours. They would never rot in a hundred years, would be impervious to water and would bear more travel over them than any road of modern construction.

Streets and roads thus constructed would be sterilized; no cholora, typhoid fever or contagious diseases would be found in towns thus sterilized. Railroad ties treated thus would last forty years and bear the heaviest tonnage.

If a man would take two bushels of salt, boil it and sprinkle the shingle roof of his house, it would not have to be shingled for fifty years. Two bushels of salt in twenty gallons of water for house roofs would be a specific, and these tops or roofs would not catch fire from sparks so easily as they do now under the old system. Submit my views to road constructors and see what they think of them.

Good Roads and Public Spirit.

Mr. George Gould's offer to pay one-third of the cost of putting the roads within driving distance of his home in Lakewood in good condition sets an example for wealthy men everywhere. Perhaps in no other way will the expenditure of money so directly enhance the pleasure of country life for the man of means as in building good roads; certainly in no other way can he raise for himself a monument of more enduring usefulness to his neighbors.

The northeastern counties of New Jersey have done famous work for highway improvement; and though the heavy grades have prevented any of their roads becoming so well advertised by cycle "runs" and auto scorchers as the level "Jericho pike" and "Merrick road" on Long Island, the taxpayers themselves have been well repaid for their investment by the greater joy of living and the added value of their property. But in the sandy and sparsely settled southern counties, where macadamizing is even more necessary, its cost is so heavy a burden upon farming communities that it is not strange that they hesitate to assume it.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gould's offer will be accepted and that the success of the experiment will encourage other country dwellers to follow his example.—New York World.

The Sad End of Flight.

In undertaking an airship performance the fear that a man may fall down at it is always more accentuated than in the case of other enterprises. —Omaha World-Herald.

Italy furnishes nearly all the sulphur used in the world.